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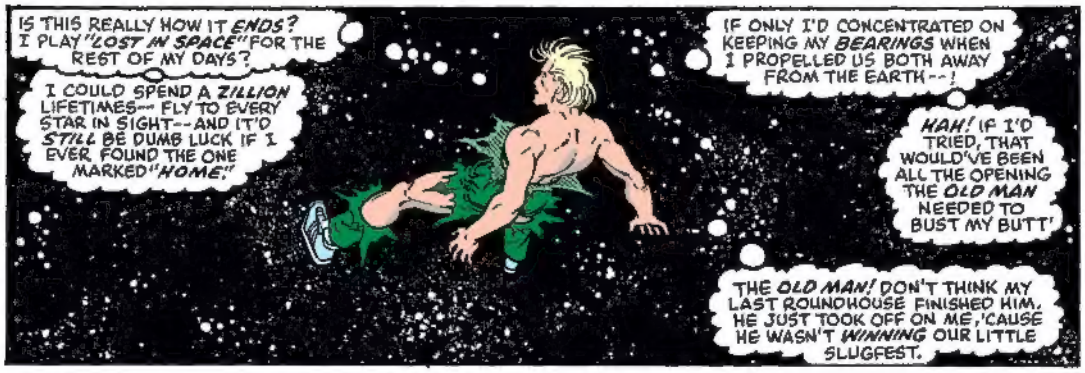
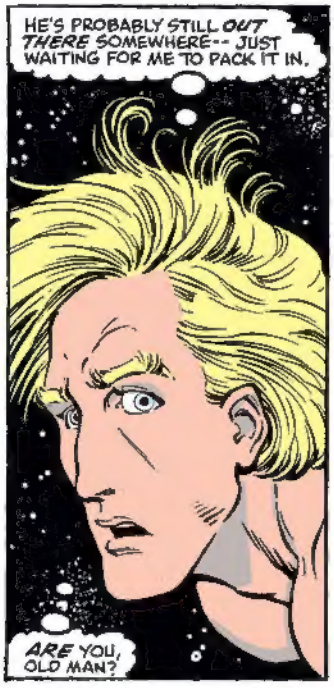
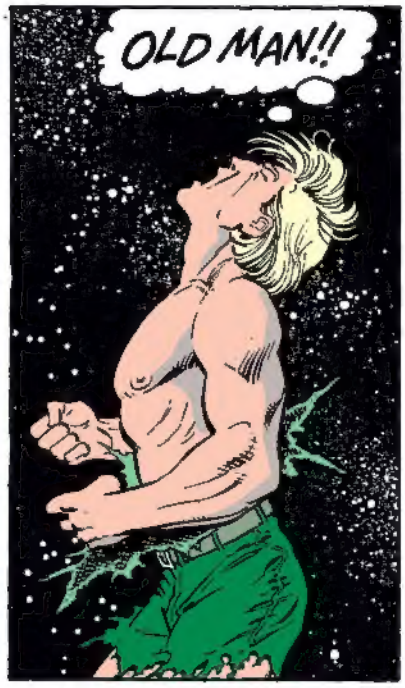
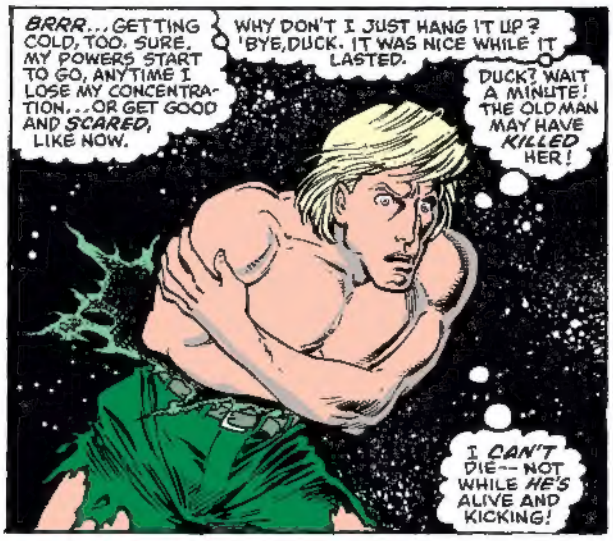

IS THIS REALLY HOW IT ENDS? I PLAY "LOST IN SPACE" FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS?
I COULD SPEND A ZILLION LIFETIMES-- FLY TO EVERY STAR IN SIGHT--AND IT'D STILL BE DUMB LUCK IF I EVER FOUND THE ONE MARKED "HOME."
IF ONLY I'D CONCENTRATED ON KEEPING MY BEARINGS WHEN I PROPELLED US BOTH AWAY FROM THE EARTH--!
HAH! IF I'D TRIED, THAT WOULD'VE BEEN ALL THE OPENING THE OLD MAN NEEDED TO BUST MY BUTT!
THE OLD MAN! DON'T THINK MY LAST ROUNDHOUSE FINISHED HIM. HE JUST TOOK OFF ON ME, 'CAUSE HE WASN'T WINNING OUR LITTLE SLUGFEST.

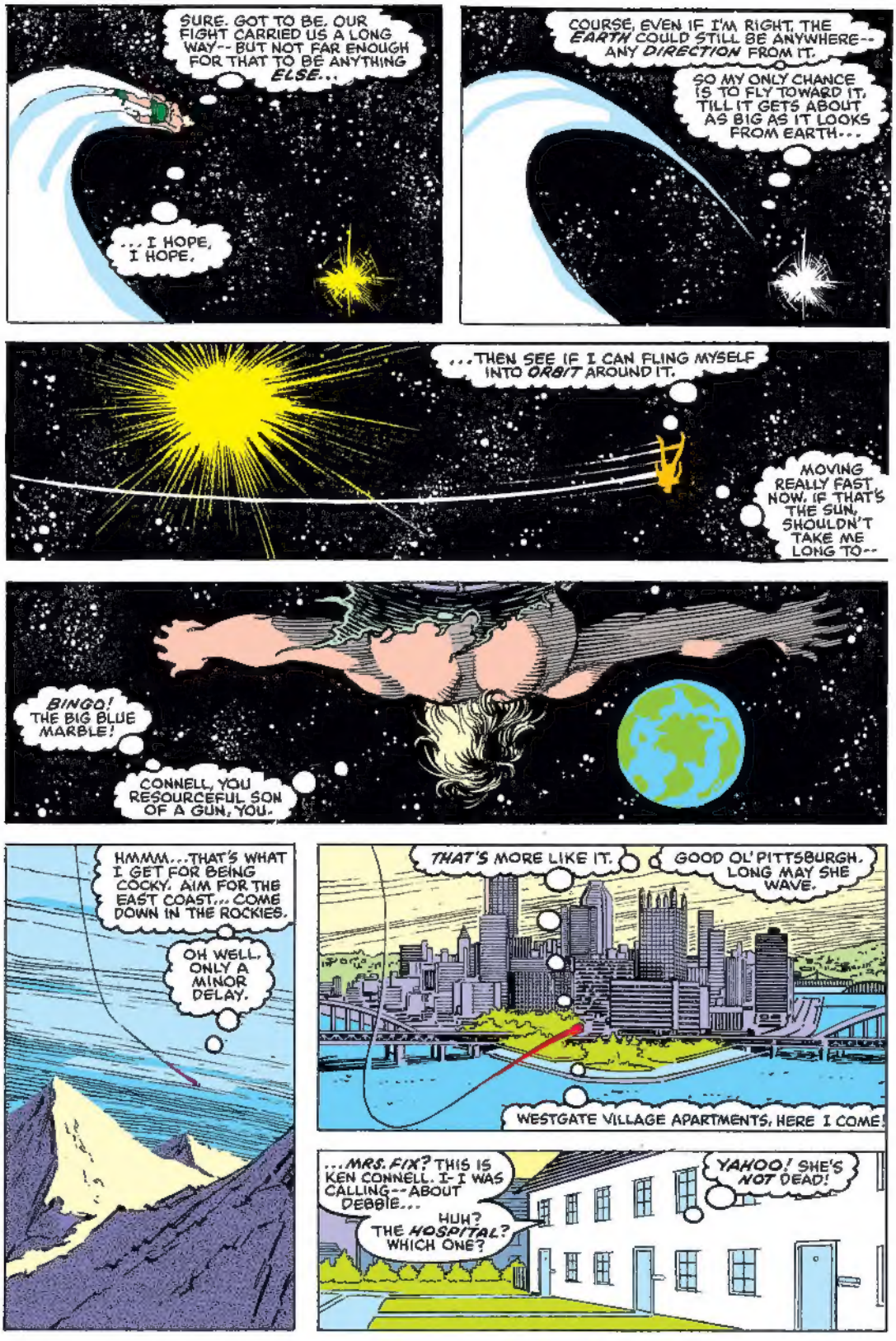

HE'S PROBABLY STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE-- JUST WAITING FOR ME TO PACK IT IN.
ARE YOU, OLD MAN?

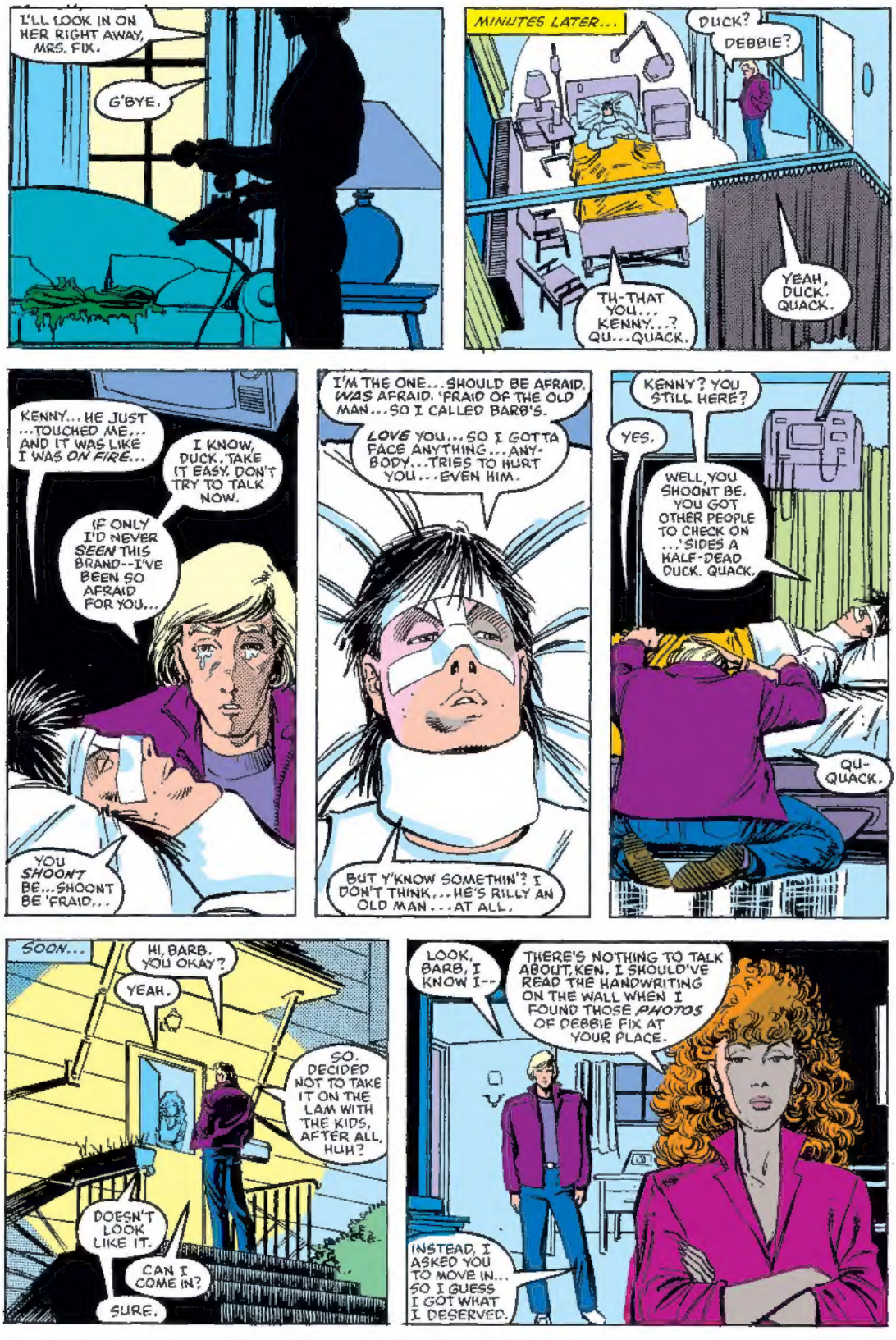

OLD MAN!!

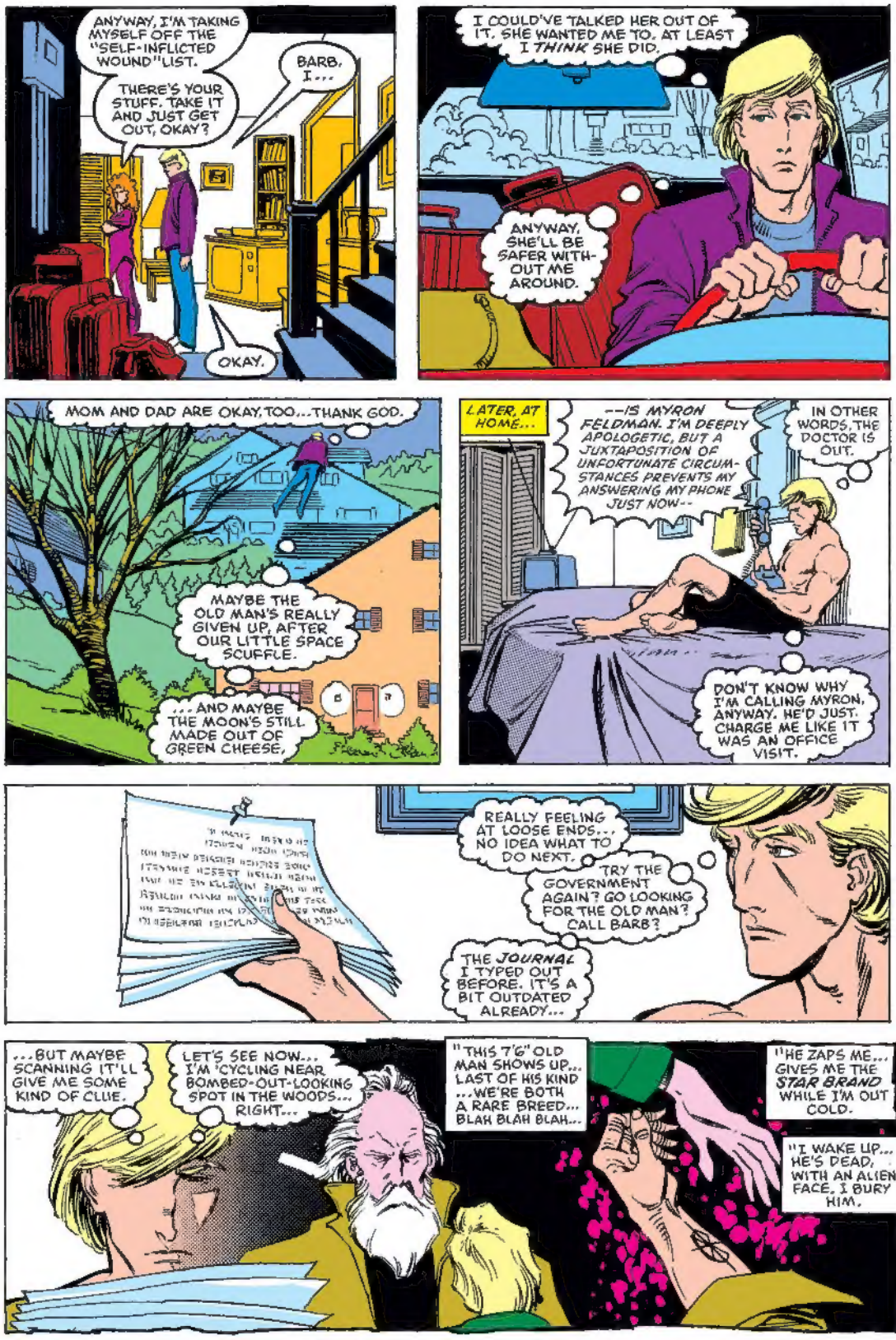
SMART, "IN SPACE, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM," REMEMBER? NOT EVEN THE OLD MAN.
HE'S PROBABLY WATCHING ME, THOUGH-- WAITING TO RECLAIM THE STAR BRAND FROM MY CORPSE.
GOD, ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL LIKE CRYING-- BUT THE TEARS WOULD JUST FLOAT OFF INTO SPACE. NO GRAVITY.

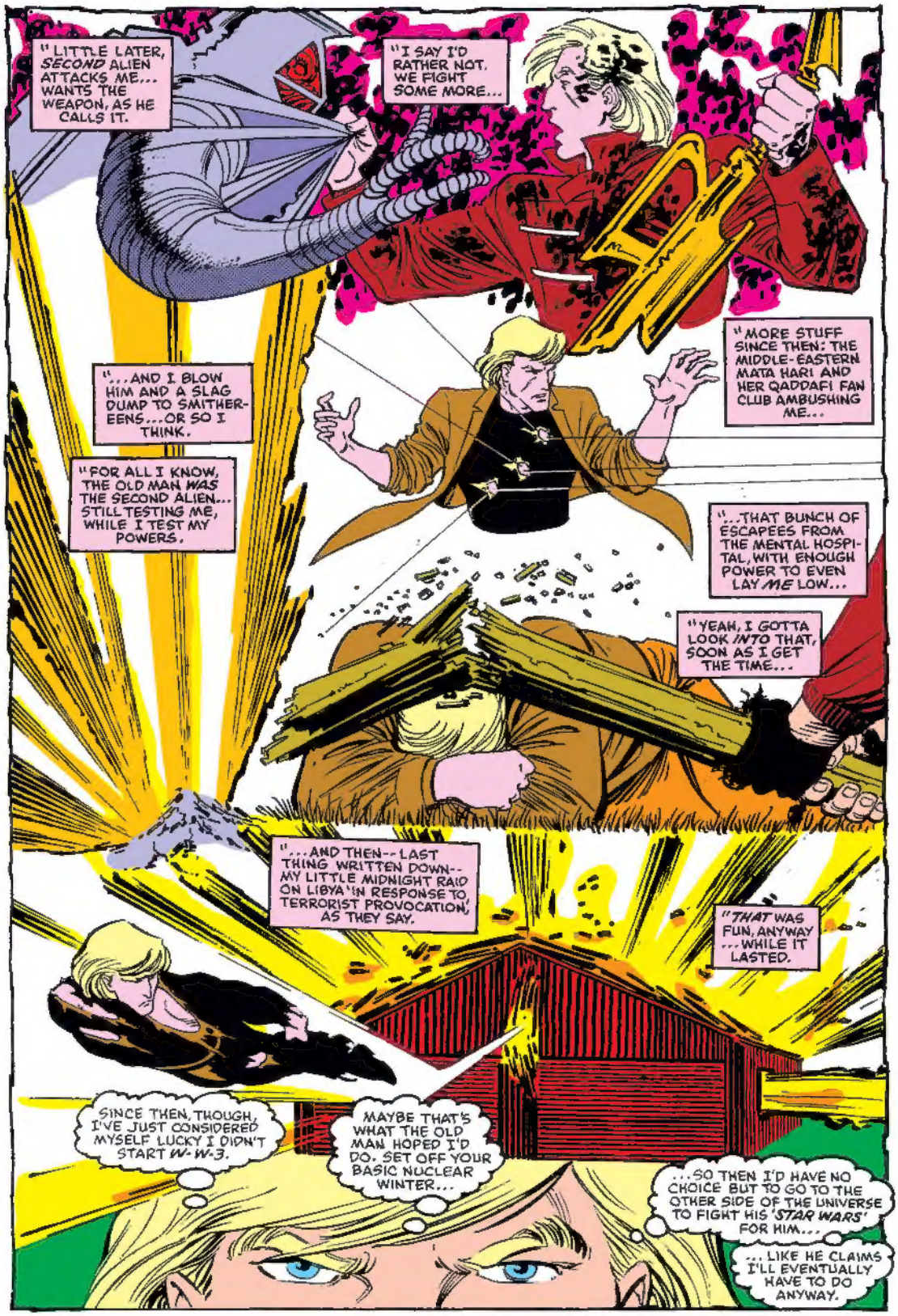

BRRR... GETTING COLD, TOO. SURE. MY POWERS START TO GO, ANYTIME I LOSE MY CONCENTRATION... OR GET GOOD AND SCARED, LIKE NOW.
WHY DON'T I JUST HANG IT UP? 'BYE, DUCK. IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED.
DUCK? WAIT A MINUTE! THE OLD MAN MAY HAVE KILLED HER!
I CAN'T DIE-- NOT WHILE HE'S ALIVE AND KICKING!

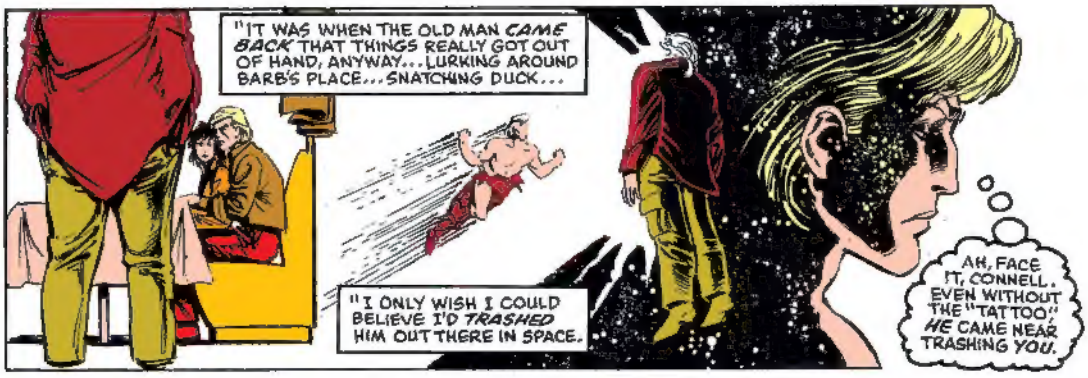
WELL, WADDA YOU KNOW! THINKING THAT TEED ME OFF-- AND WHEN I GET ANGRY, FEAR GOES OUT THE WINDOW.
AND-- THAT STAR! IT'S A LOT BRIGHTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT. I WAS JUST TOO SHOOK UP TO NOTICE IT BEFORE.
COULD IT BE-- THE SUN?

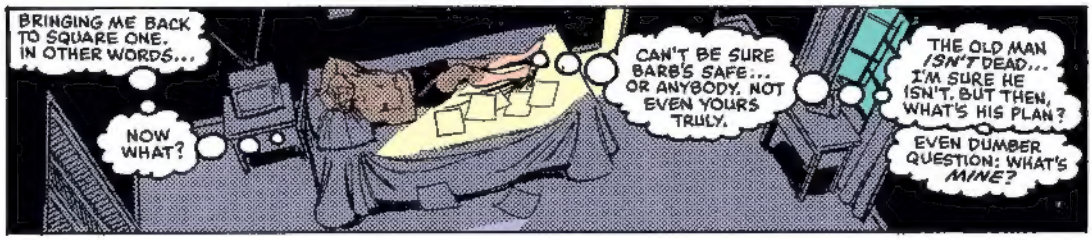

SURE. GOT TO BE. OUR FIGHT CARRIED US A LONG WAY-- BUT NOT FAR ENOUGH FOR THAT TO BE ANYTHING ELSE...
...I HOPE, I HOPE.
COURSE, EVEN IF I'M RIGHT, THE EARTH COULD STILL BE ANYWHERE-- ANY DIRECTION FROM IT.
SO MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO FLY TOWARD IT, TILL IT GETS ABOUT AS BIG AS IT LOOKS FROM EARTH...
...THEN SEE IF I CAN FLING MYSELF INTO ORBIT AROUND IT.
MOVING REALLY FAST NOW. IF THAT'S THE SUN, SHOULDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO--
BINGO! THE BIG BLUE MARBLE!
CONNELL, YOU RESOURCEFUL SON OF A GUN, YOU.
HMMM...THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING COCKY. AIM FOR THE EAST COAST... COME DOWN IN THE ROCKIES.
OH WELL, ONLY A MINOR DELAY.
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
GOOD OL' PITTSBURGH. LONG MAY SHE WAVE.
WESTGATE VILLAGE APARTMENTS, HERE I COME!
...MRS. FIX? THIS IS KEN CONNELL. I- I WAS CALLING--ABOUT DEBBIE...
HUH? THE HOSPITAL? WHICH ONE?
YAHOO! SHE'S NOT DEAD!


I'LL LOOK IN ON HER RIGHT AWAY, MRS. FIX.
G'BYE.
MINUTES LATER...
DUCK? DEBBIE?
TH-THAT YOU... KENNY...? QU...QUACK.
YEAH, DUCK. QUACK.
KENNY... HE JUST ...TOUCHED ME... AND IT WAS LIKE I WAS ON FIRE...
I KNOW, DUCK. TAKE IT EASY. DON'T TRY TO TALK NOW.
IF ONLY I'D NEVER SEEN THIS BRAND--I'VE BEEN SO AFRAID FOR YOU...
YOU SHOONT BE...SHOONT BE 'FRAID...
I'M THE ONE... SHOULD BE AFRAID. WAS AFRAID. 'FRAID OF THE OLD MAN... SO I CALLED BARB'S.
LOVE YOU... SO I GOTTA FACE ANYTHING... ANYBODY... TRIES TO HURT YOU... EVEN HIM.
BUT Y'KNOW SOMETHIN'? I DON'T THINK... HE'S RILLY AN OLD MAN... AT ALL.
KENNY? YOU STILL HERE?
YES.
WELL, YOU SHOONT BE. YOU GOT OTHER PEOPLE TO CHECK ON ...'SIDES A HALF-DEAD DUCK. QUACK.
QU-QUACK.
SOON...
HI, BARB. YOU OKAY?
YEAH.
SO. DECIDED NOT TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM WITH THE KIDS, AFTER ALL, HUH?
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT.
CAN I COME IN?
SURE.
LOOK, BARB, I KNOW I--
THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT, KEN. I SHOULD'VE READ THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL WHEN I FOUND THOSE PHOTOS OF DEBBIE FIX AT YOUR PLACE.
INSTEAD, I ASKED YOU TO MOVE IN... SO I GUESS I GOT WHAT I DESERVED.

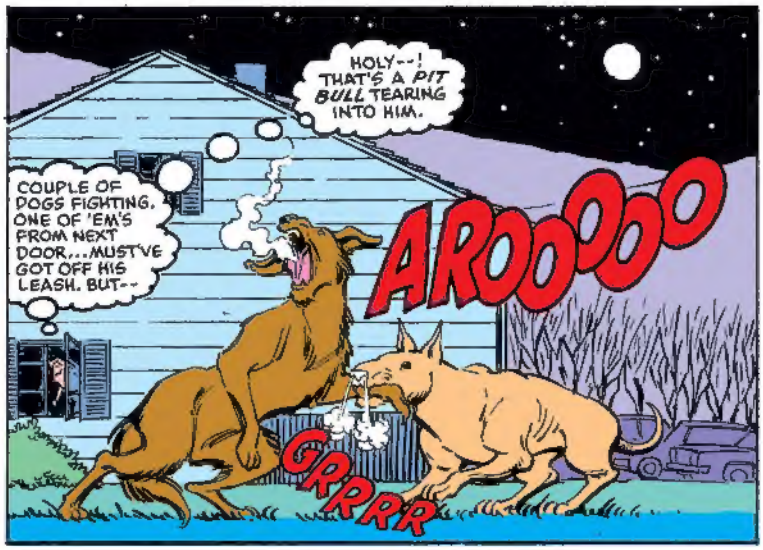

ANYWAY, I'M TAKING MYSELF OFF THE "SELF-INFLICTED WOUND" LIST.
BARB, I...
THERE'S YOUR STUFF. TAKE IT AND JUST GET OUT, OKAY?
OKAY.
I COULD'VE TALKED HER OUT OF IT. SHE WANTED ME TO. AT LEAST I THINK SHE DID.
ANYWAY, SHE'LL BE SAFER WITHOUT ME AROUND.
MOM AND DAD ARE OKAY, TOO...THANK GOD.
MAYBE THE OLD MAN'S REALLY GIVEN UP, AFTER OUR LITTLE SPACE SCUFFLE.
...AND MAYBE THE MOON'S STILL MADE OUT OF GREEN CHEESE.
LATER, AT HOME...
--IS MYRON FELDMAN. I'M DEEPLY APOLOGETIC, BUT A JUXTAPOSITION OF UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES PREVENTS MY ANSWERING MY PHONE JUST NOW--
IN OTHER WORDS, THE DOCTOR IS OUT.
DON'T KNOW WHY I'M CALLING MYRON, ANYWAY. HE'D JUST CHARGE ME LIKE IT WAS AN OFFICE VISIT.
REALLY FEELING AT LOOSE ENDS... NO IDEA WHAT TO DO NEXT.
TRY THE GOVERNMENT AGAIN? GO LOOKING FOR THE OLD MAN? CALL BARB?
THE JOURNAL I TYPED OUT BEFORE. IT'S A BIT OUTDATED ALREADY...
...BUT MAYBE SCANNING IT'LL GIVE ME SOME KIND OF CLUE.
LET'S SEE NOW... I'M CYCLING NEAR BOMBED-OUT-LOOKING SPOT IN THE WOODS... RIGHT...
"THIS 7'6" OLD MAN SHOWS UP... LAST OF HIS KIND ...WE'RE BOTH A RARE BREED... BLAH BLAH BLAH...
"HE ZAPS ME... GIVES ME THE STAR BRAND WHILE I'M OUT COLD.
"I WAKE UP... HE'S DEAD, WITH AN ALIEN FACE. I BURY HIM.

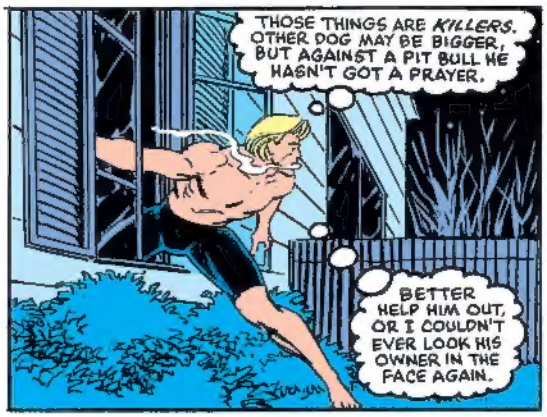

"LITTLE LATER, SECOND ALIEN ATTACKS ME... WANTS THE WEAPON, AS HE CALLS IT.
"I SAY I'D RATHER NOT. WE FIGHT SOME MORE...
"...AND I BLOW HIM AND A SLAG DUMP TO SMITHEREENS...OR SO I THINK.
"MORE STUFF SINCE THEN: THE MIDDLE-EASTERN MATA HARI AND HER QADDAFI FAN CLUB AMBUSHING ME...
"FOR ALL I KNOW, THE OLD MAN WAS THE SECOND ALIEN... STILL TESTING ME, WHILE I TEST MY POWERS.
"...THAT BUNCH OF ESCAPEES FROM THE MENTAL HOSPITAL, WITH ENOUGH POWER TO EVEN LAY ME LOW...
"YEAH, I GOTTA LOOK INTO THAT, SOON AS I GET THE TIME...
"...AND THEN--LAST THING WRITTEN DOWN--MY LITTLE MIDNIGHT RAID ON LIBYA 'IN RESPONSE TO TERRORIST PROVOCATION,' AS THEY SAY.
"THAT WAS FUN, ANYWAY ...WHILE IT LASTED.
SINCE THEN, THOUGH, I'VE JUST CONSIDERED MYSELF LUCKY I DIDN'T START W-W-3.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THE OLD MAN HOPED I'D DO. SET OFF YOUR BASIC NUCLEAR WINTER...
...SO THEN I'D HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE TO FIGHT HIS 'STAR WARS' FOR HIM...
...LIKE HE CLAIMS I'LL EVENTUALLY HAVE TO DO ANYWAY.


"IT WAS WHEN THE OLD MAN *CAME BACK* THAT THINGS REALLY GOT OUT OF HAND, ANYWAY... LURKING AROUND BARB'S PLACE... SNATCHING DUCK...
"I ONLY WISH I COULD BELIEVE I'D *TRASHED* HIM OUT THERE IN SPACE.
AH, FACE IT, CONNELL. EVEN WITHOUT THE "TATTOO," *HE* CAME NEAR TRASHING *YOU*.

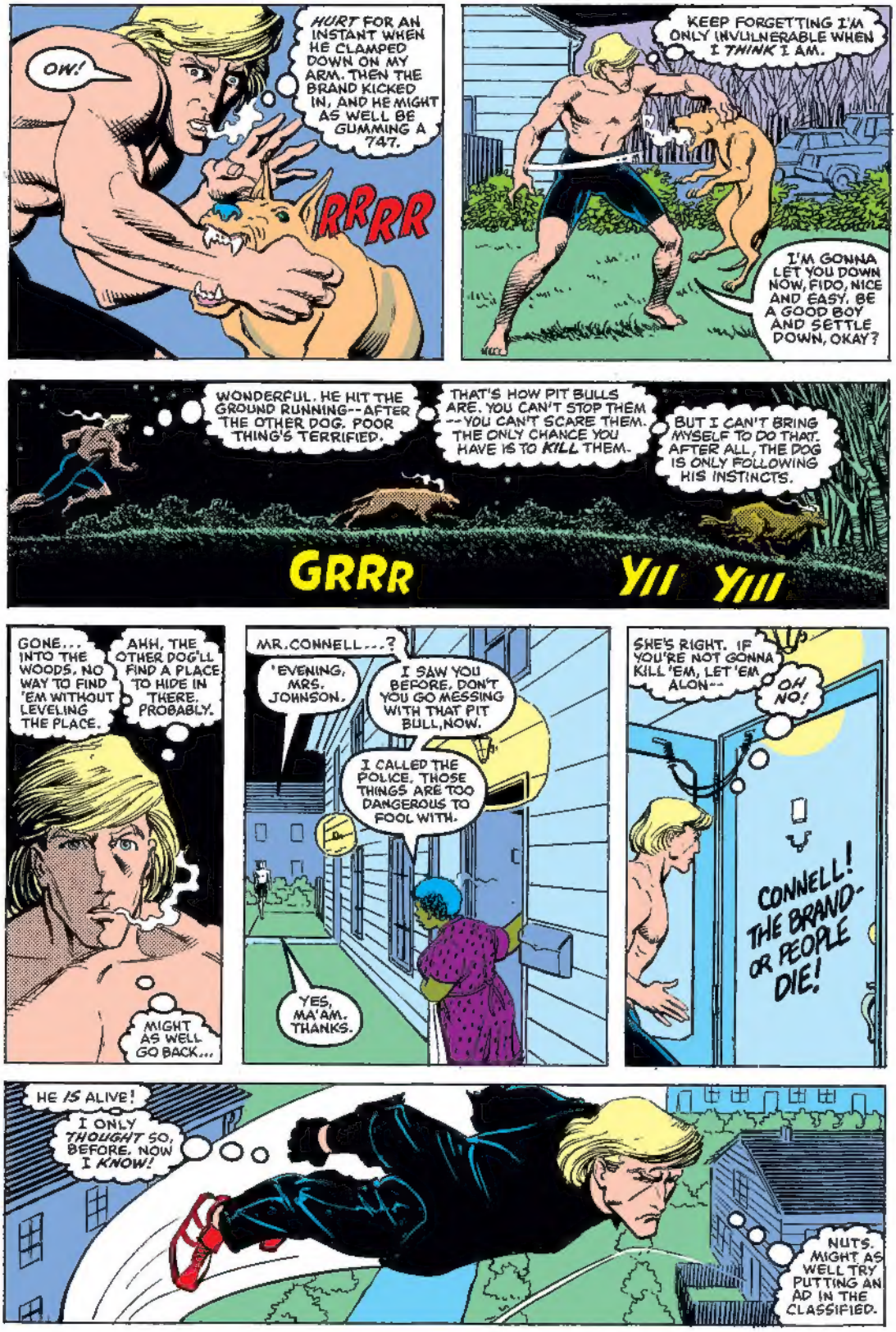

BRINGING ME BACK TO SQUARE ONE. IN OTHER WORDS...
NOW WHAT?
CAN'T BE SURE BARB'S SAFE... OR ANYBODY. NOT EVEN YOURS TRULY.
THE OLD MAN *ISN'T* DEAD... I'M SURE HE ISN'T. BUT THEN, WHAT'S HIS PLAN?
EVEN DUMBER QUESTION: WHAT'S *MINE*?

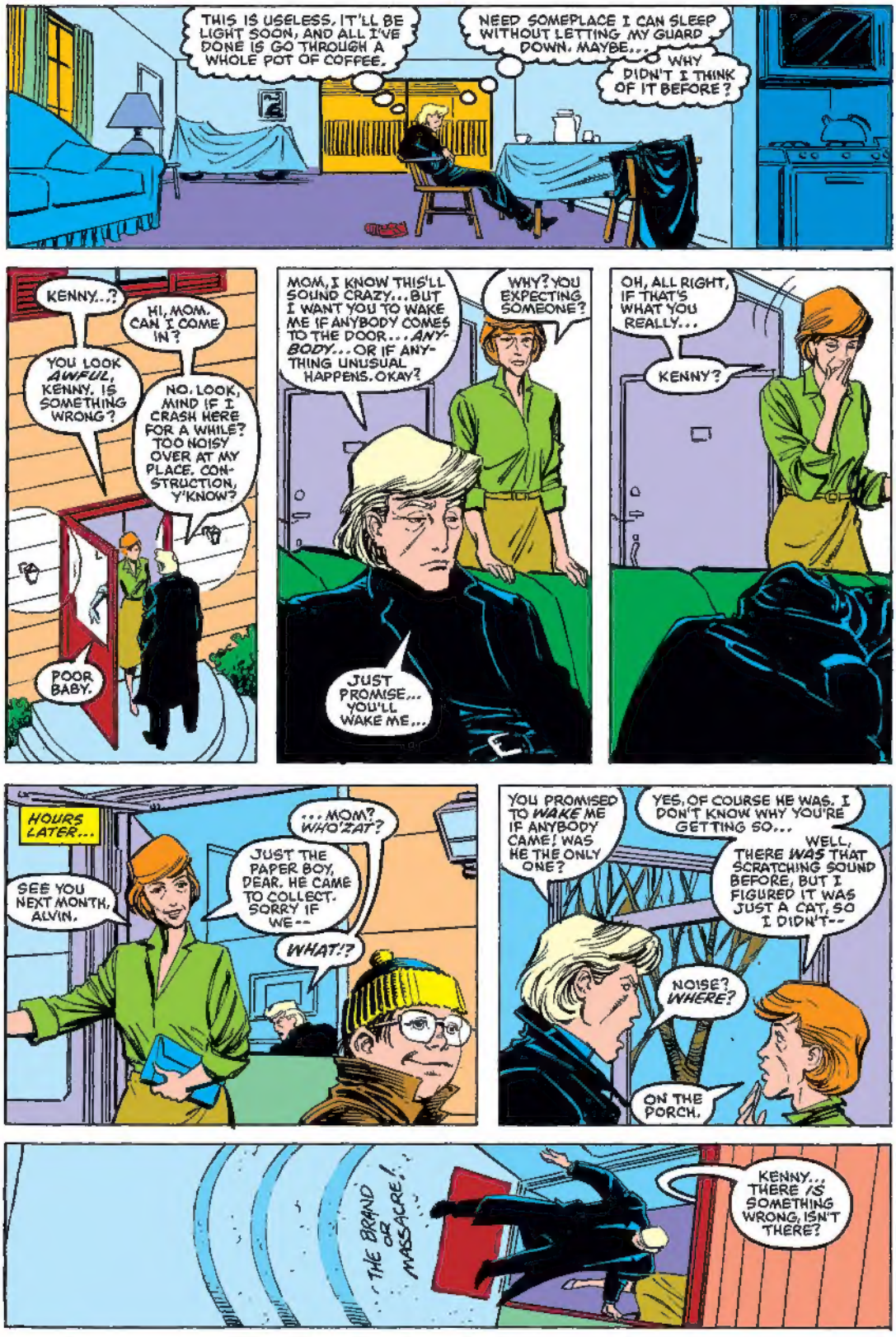
LATER... GREAT. TOO TIRED TO STAY AWAKE... TOO SCARED TO SLEEP. BY THE TIME I FINALLY DO SEE THE OLD MAN AGAIN, I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO TRY TO *YAWN* HIM TO DEA-- *HUH*?

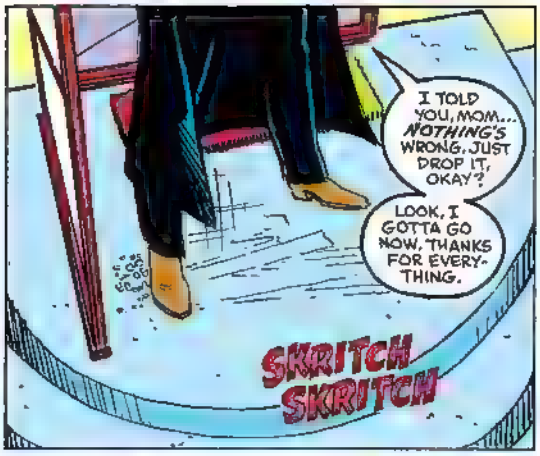

HOLY--! THAT'S A *PIT BULL* TEARING INTO HIM.
COUPLE OF DOGS FIGHTING. ONE OF 'EM'S FROM NEXT DOOR... MUST'VE GOT OFF HIS LEASH. BUT--
AROOOOO
GRRRR

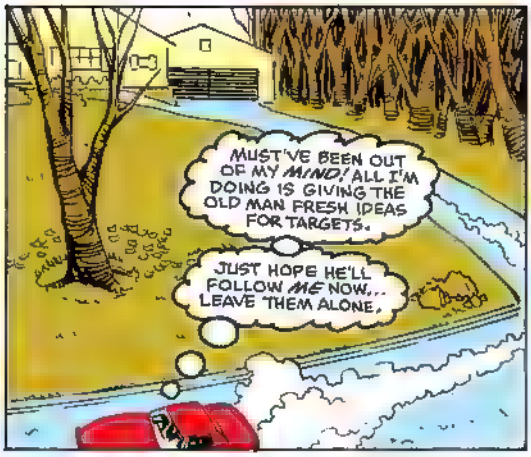

THOSE THINGS ARE *KILLERS*. OTHER DOG MAY BE BIGGER, BUT AGAINST A PIT BULL HE HASN'T GOT A PRAYER.
BETTER HELP HIM OUT, OR I COULDN'T EVER LOOK HIS OWNER IN THE FACE AGAIN.

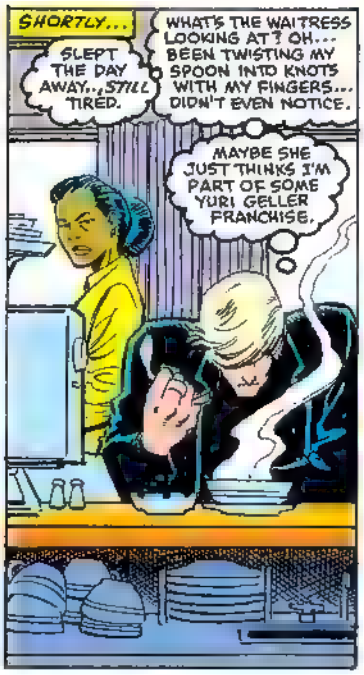
OKAY, BOY-- PARTY'S OVER.
DON'T WANT ANY *DOG INTESTINES* CLUTTERING UP THE OLD LAWN COME MORNING, DO WE NOW?
RRRRRR


OW!
HURT FOR AN INSTANT WHEN HE CLAMPED DOWN ON MY ARM. THEN THE BRAND KICKED IN, AND HE MIGHT AS WELL BE GUMMING A 747.
RRRR
KEEP FORGETTING I'M ONLY INVULNERABLE WHEN I THINK I AM.
I'M GONNA LET YOU DOWN NOW, FIDO, NICE AND EASY. BE A GOOD BOY AND SETTLE DOWN, OKAY?
WONDERFUL. HE HIT THE GROUND RUNNING--AFTER THE OTHER DOG. POOR THING'S TERRIFIED.
THAT'S HOW PIT BULLS ARE. YOU CAN'T STOP THEM --YOU CAN'T SCARE THEM. THE ONLY CHANCE YOU HAVE IS TO KILL THEM.
BUT I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO THAT. AFTER ALL, THE DOG IS ONLY FOLLOWING HIS INSTINCTS.
GRRR
YII YIII
GONE... INTO THE WOODS. NO WAY TO FIND 'EM WITHOUT LEVELING THE PLACE.
AHH, THE OTHER DOG'LL FIND A PLACE TO HIDE IN THERE. PROBABLY.
MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK...
MR. CONNELL...?
'EVENING, MRS. JOHNSON.
I SAW YOU BEFORE. DON'T YOU GO MESSING WITH THAT PIT BULL, NOW.
I CALLED THE POLICE. THOSE THINGS ARE TOO DANGEROUS TO FOOL WITH.
YES, MA'AM. THANKS.
SHE'S RIGHT. IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL 'EM, LET 'EM ALON--
OH NO!
CONNELL! THE BRAND- OR PEOPLE DIE!
HE IS ALIVE!
I ONLY THOUGHT SO, BEFORE. NOW I KNOW!
NUTS. MIGHT AS WELL TRY PUTTING AN AD IN THE CLASSIFIED.

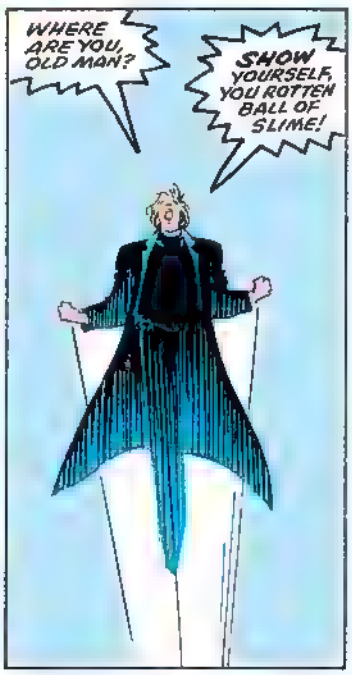

THIS IS USELESS. IT'LL BE LIGHT SOON, AND ALL I'VE DONE IS GO THROUGH A WHOLE POT OF COFFEE.
NEED SOMEPLACE I CAN SLEEP WITHOUT LETTING MY GUARD DOWN. MAYBE...
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
KENNY..?
HI, MOM. CAN I COME IN?
YOU LOOK AWFUL, KENNY. IS SOMETHING WRONG?
NO. LOOK, MIND IF I CRASH HERE FOR A WHILE? TOO NOISY OVER AT MY PLACE. CONSTRUCTION, Y'KNOW?
POOR BABY.
MOM, I KNOW THIS'LL SOUND CRAZY... BUT I WANT YOU TO WAKE ME IF ANYBODY COMES TO THE DOOR... ANYBODY... OR IF ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENS. OKAY?
WHY? YOU EXPECTING SOMEONE?
JUST PROMISE... YOU'LL WAKE ME...
OH, ALL RIGHT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU REALLY...
KENNY?
HOURS LATER...
SEE YOU NEXT MONTH, ALVIN.
JUST THE PAPER BOY, DEAR. HE CAME TO COLLECT. SORRY IF WE--
...MOM? WHO'ZAT?
WHAT!?
YOU PROMISED TO WAKE ME IF ANYBODY CAME! WAS HE THE ONLY ONE?
YES, OF COURSE HE WAS. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE GETTING SO...
WELL, THERE WAS THAT SCRATCHING SOUND BEFORE, BUT I FIGURED IT WAS JUST A CAT, SO I DIDN'T--
NOISE? WHERE?
ON THE PORCH.
THE BRAND OF MASSACRE!
KENNY... THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, ISN'T THERE?

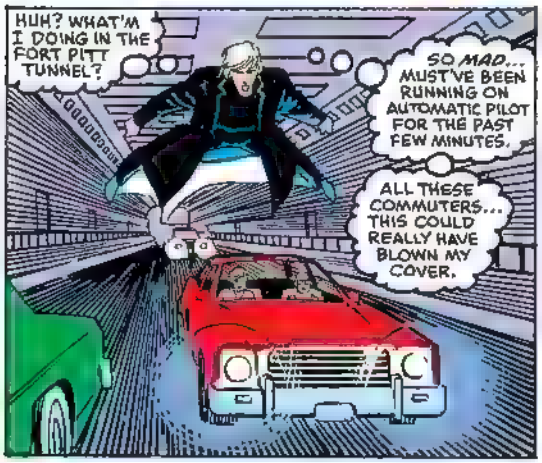

I TOLD YOU, MOM... NOTHING'S WRONG. JUST DROP IT, OKAY?
LOOK, I GOTTA GO NOW. THANKS FOR EVERY-THING.
SKRITCH SKRITCH

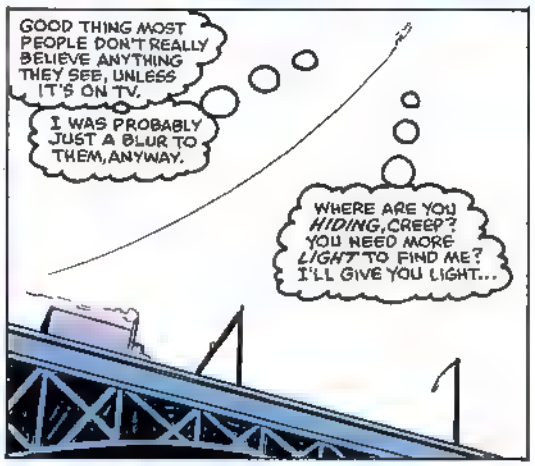

MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! ALL I'M DOING IS GIVING THE OLD MAN FRESH IDEAS FOR TARGETS.
JUST HOPE HE'LL FOLLOW ME NOW,.. LEAVE THEM ALONE.

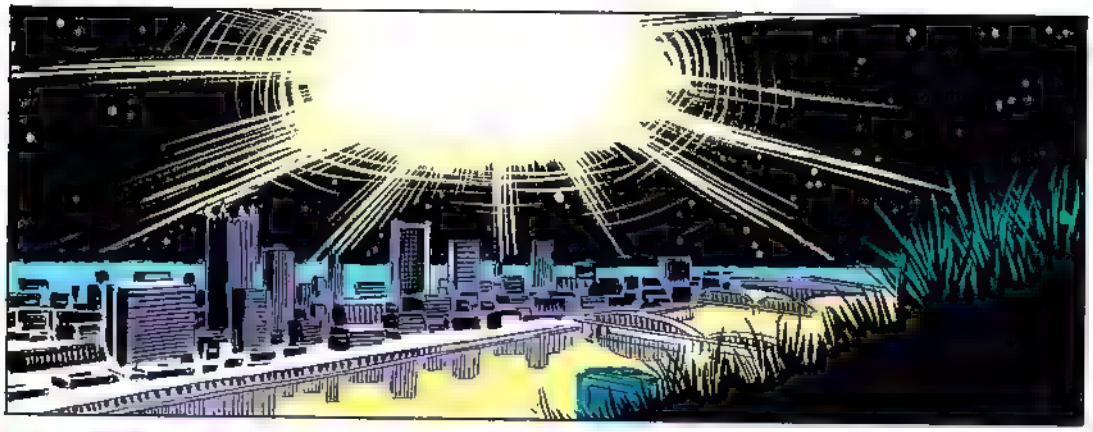

SHORTLY...
SLEPT THE DAY AWAY..STILL TIRED.
WHAT'S THE WAITRESS LOOKING AT? OH... BEEN TWISTING MY SPOON INTO KNOTS WITH MY FINGERS... DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE.
MAYBE SHE JUST THINKS I'M PART OF SOME YURI GELLER FRANCHISE.

HE'S TOYING WITH ME. HE HAD ALL DAY TO STRIKE AT ME IF HE WANTED TO-- BUT HE PREFERS A WAITING GAME--
WANTS TO WEAR ME DOWN.

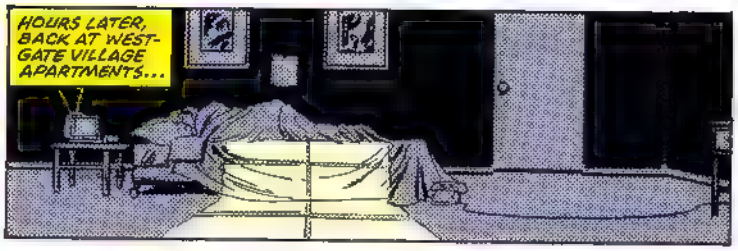

WHERE ARE YOU, OLD MAN?
SHOW YOURSELF, YOU ROTTEN BALL OF SLIME!

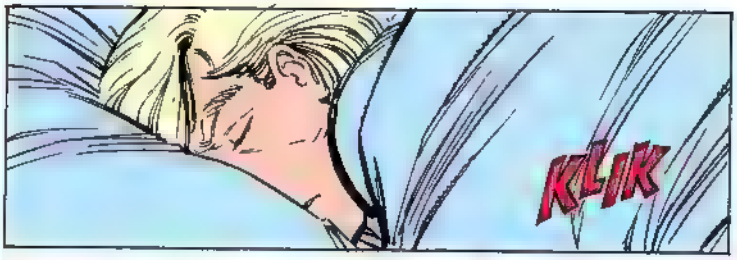

HUH? WHAT'M I DOING IN THE FORT PITT TUNNEL?
SO MAD... MUST'VE BEEN RUNNING ON AUTOMATIC PILOT FOR THE PAST FEW MINUTES.
ALL THESE COMMUTERS... THIS COULD REALLY HAVE BLOWN MY COVER.


GOOD THING MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALLY BELIEVE ANYTHING THEY SEE, UNLESS IT'S ON TV.
I WAS PROBABLY JUST A BLUR TO THEM, ANYWAY.
WHERE ARE YOU HIDING, CREEP? YOU NEED MORE LIGHT TO FIND ME? I'LL GIVE YOU LIGHT...



NOTHING. EXCEPT THAT NOW, I'M AN "UNEXPLAINED NATURAL PHENOMENON!" ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE.
OKAY, OLD MAN. YOU WIN.
FROM HERE ON, YOU COME TO ME.


HOURS LATER, BACK AT WESTGATE VILLAGE APARTMENTS...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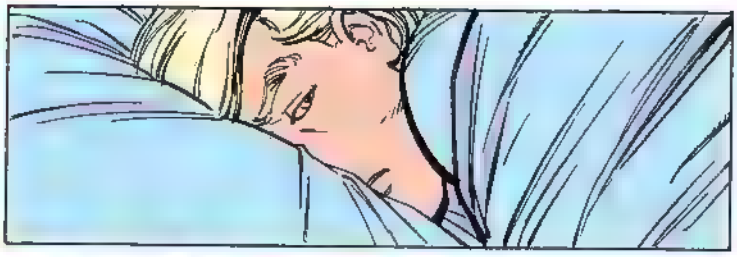
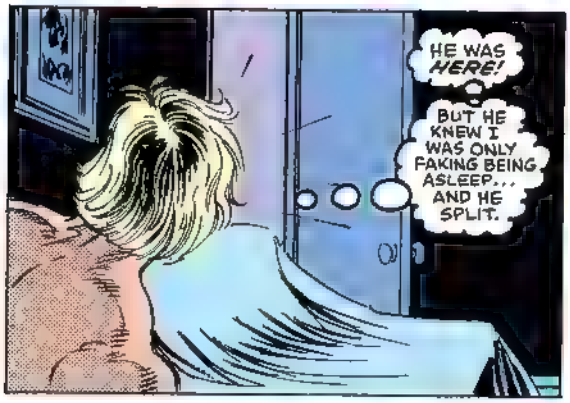
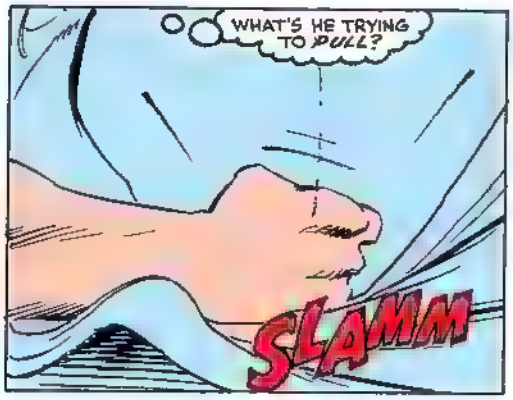
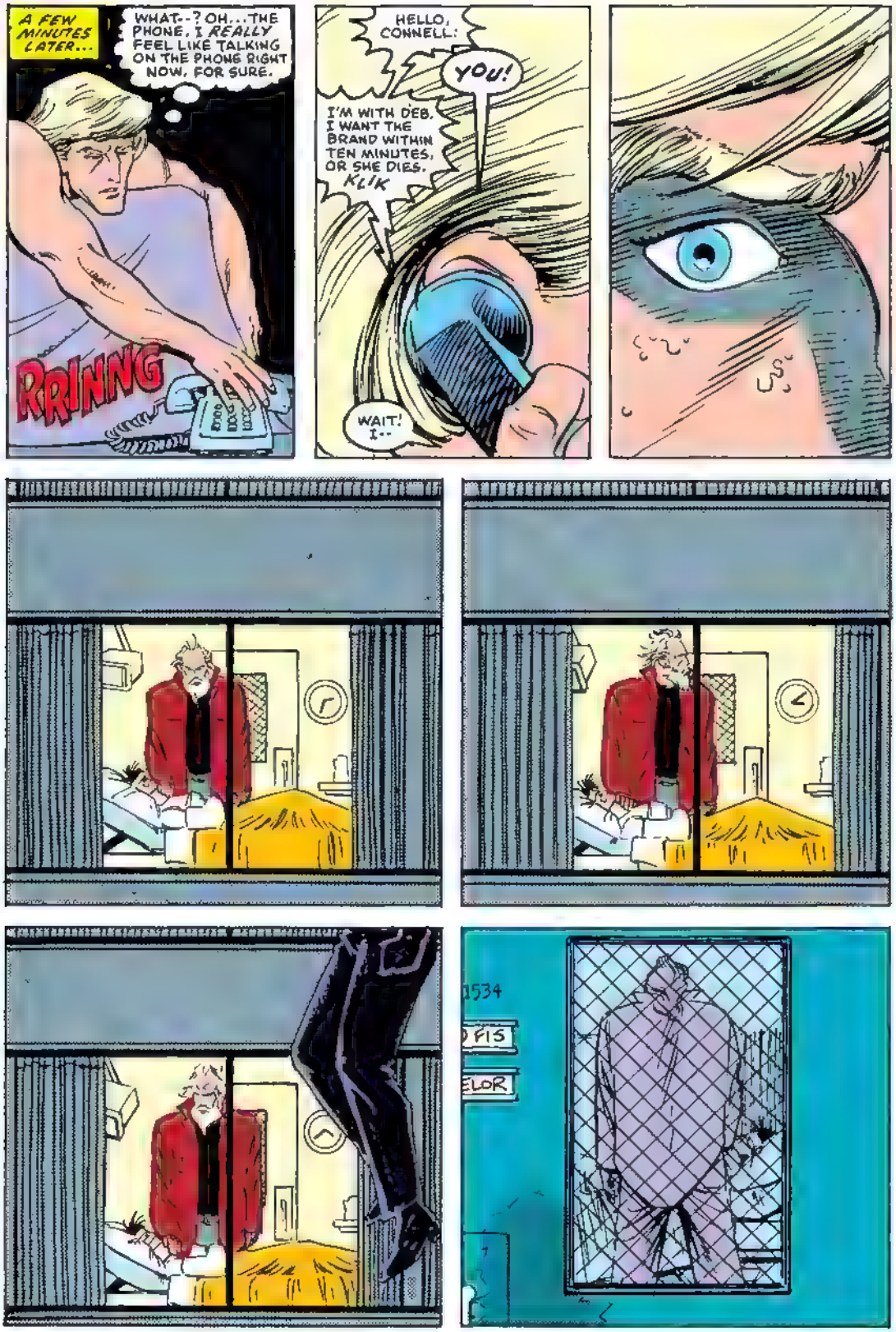
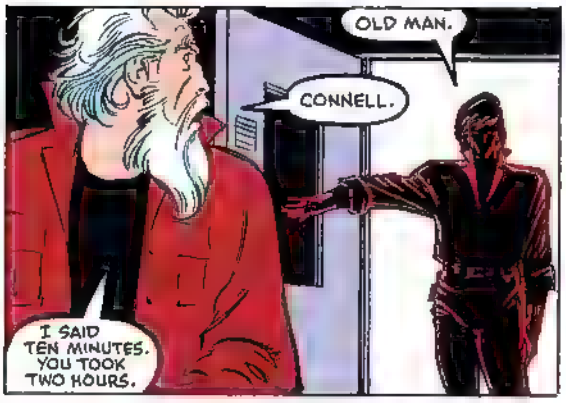
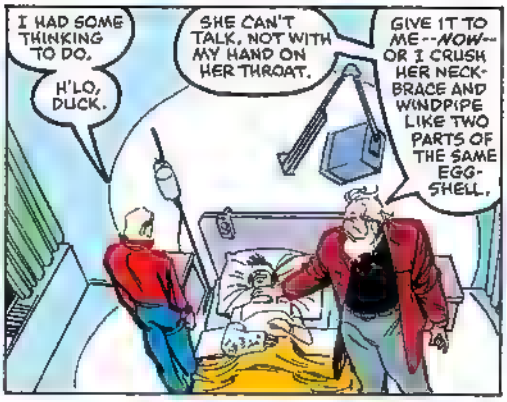



HE WAS HERE!
BUT HE KNEW I WAS ONLY FAKING BEING ASLEEP... AND HE SPLIT.


WHAT'S HE TRYING TO PULL?
SLAMM


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT--? OH...THE PHONE. I REALLY FEEL LIKE TALKING ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW, FOR SURE.
RRINNG
HELLO, CONNELL:
YOU!
I'M WITH DEB. I WANT THE BRAND WITHIN TEN MINUTES, OR SHE DIES.
KLIK
WAIT! I--
1534
FIS
ELOR


OLD MAN.
CONNELL.
I SAID TEN MINUTES. YOU TOOK TWO HOURS.


I HAD SOME THINKING TO DO.
H'LO, DUCK.
SHE CAN'T TALK, NOT WITH MY HAND ON HER THROAT.
GIVE IT TO ME--*NOW*-- OR I CRUSH HER NECK-BRACE AND WINDPIPE LIKE TWO PARTS OF THE SAME EGG-SHELL.

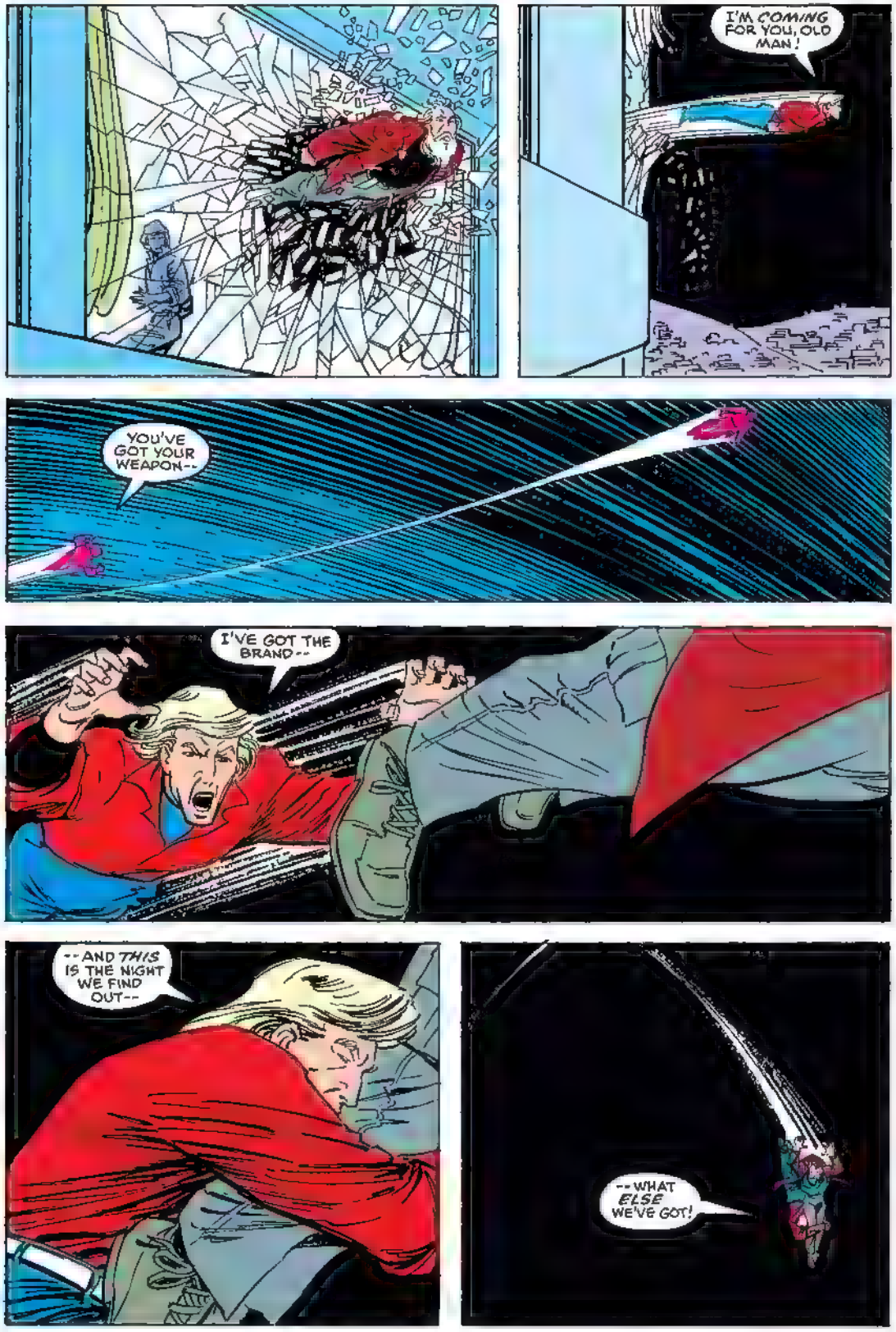
DUCK... I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND ABOUT WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO.
TALK TO *ME*, CONNELL... NOT TO HER.
I JUST CAME TO SAY *GOOD-BYE*, DUCK...

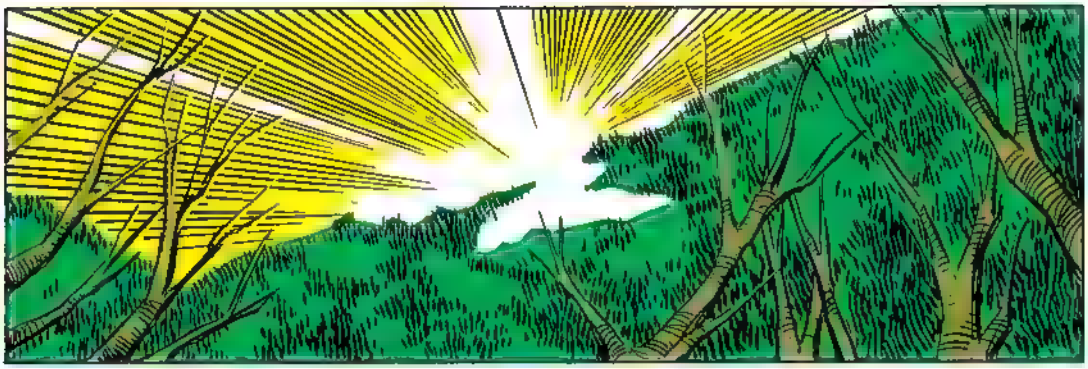
YOU SEE, I'VE GOT TO *KILL* HIM-- EVEN IF IT MEANS HE KILLS ME. EVEN IF IT MEANS HE KILLS *YOU*.
HE'S LIKE A PIT BULL, SEE. YOU CAN'T IGNORE HIM... YOU CAN'T REASON WITH HIM. YOU CAN ONLY TRY TO KILL HIM, BEFORE HE KILLS YOU AND EVERYBODY AROUND YOU.
SO THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.
GOODBYE, DUCK. I LOVE YOU, TOO.

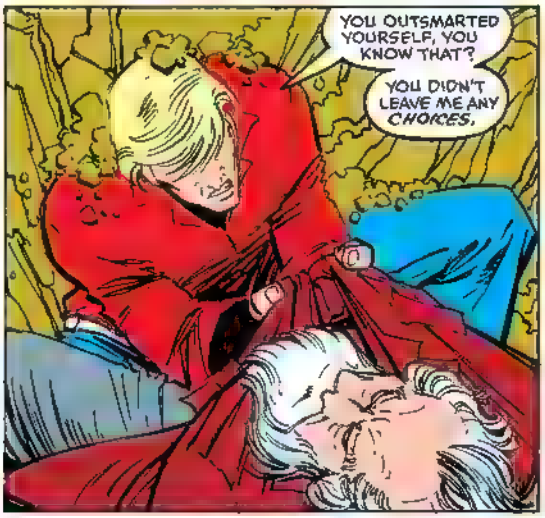
YOU'RE *BLUFFING!*
GIVE ME THE *STAR BRAND*, OR I'LL--
I'LL--

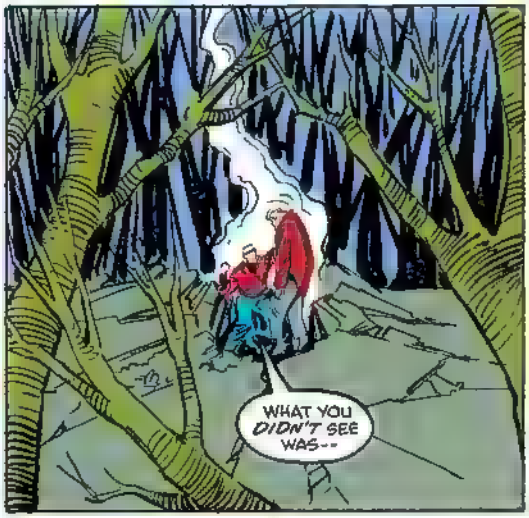
DO IT, OLD MAN. GET IT OVER WITH.
KILL HER... SO WE CAN GET ON WITH IT.
YOU GOT THREE SECONDS. THEN I'M COMING FOR YOU, NO MATTER WHAT.

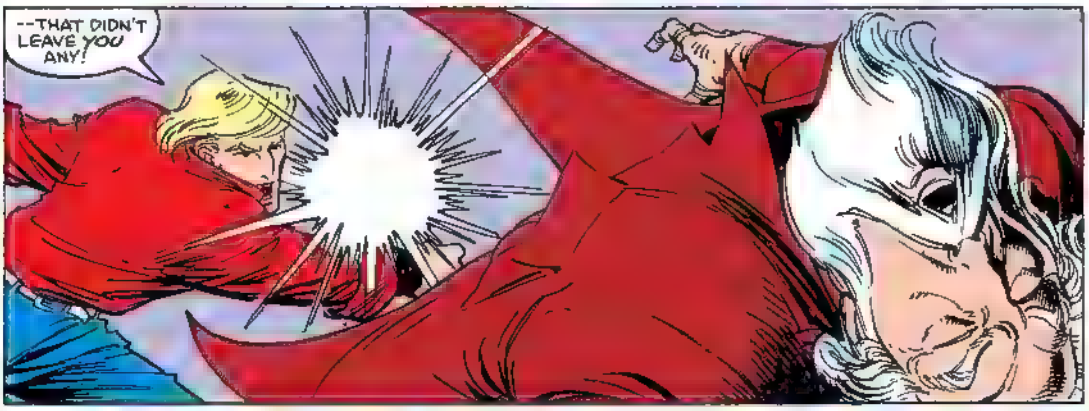
THREE...
TWO...


I'M COMING FOR YOU, OLD MAN!
YOU'VE GOT YOUR WEAPON--
I'VE GOT THE BRAND--
--AND THIS IS THE NIGHT WE FIND OUT--
--WHAT ELSE WE'VE GOT!

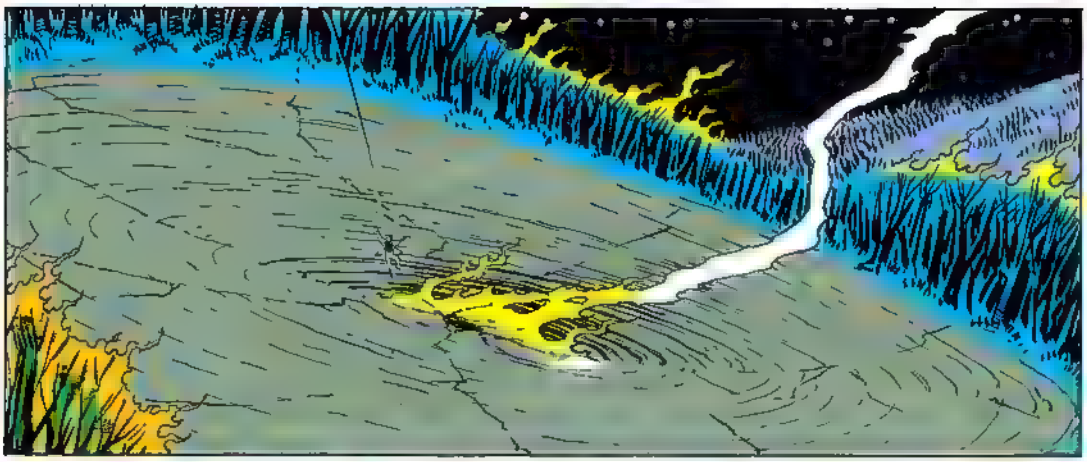


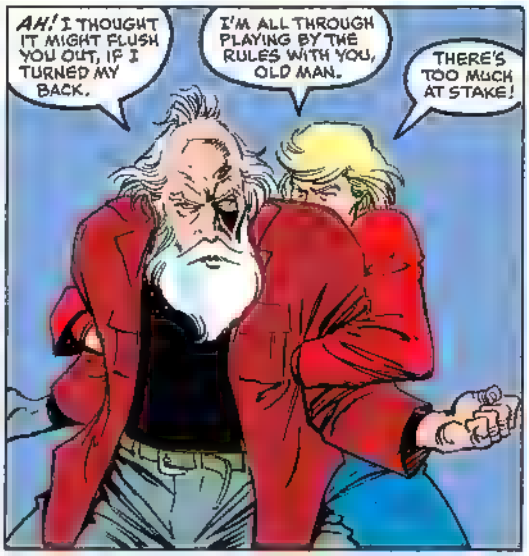

YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, YOU KNOW THAT?
YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ME ANY CHORES.

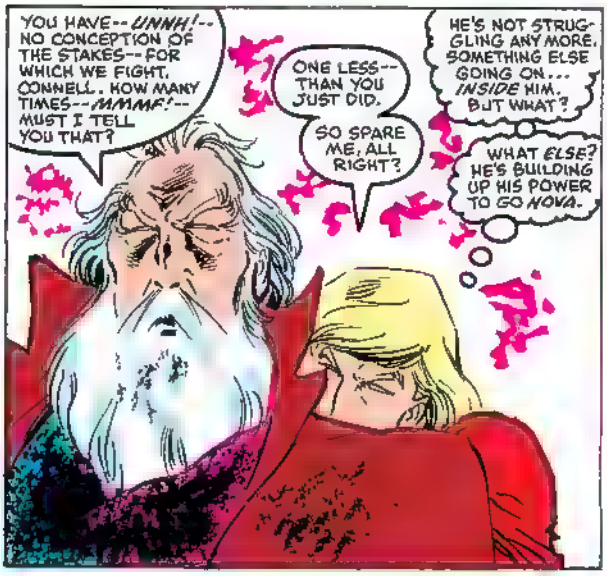

WHAT YOU DIDN'T SEE WAS--

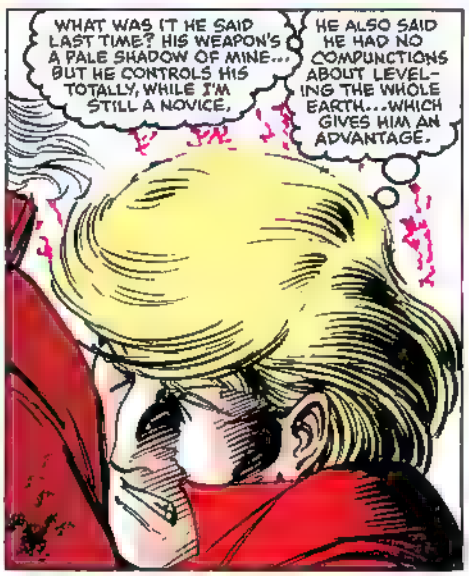

--THAT DIDN'T LEAVE YOU ANY!

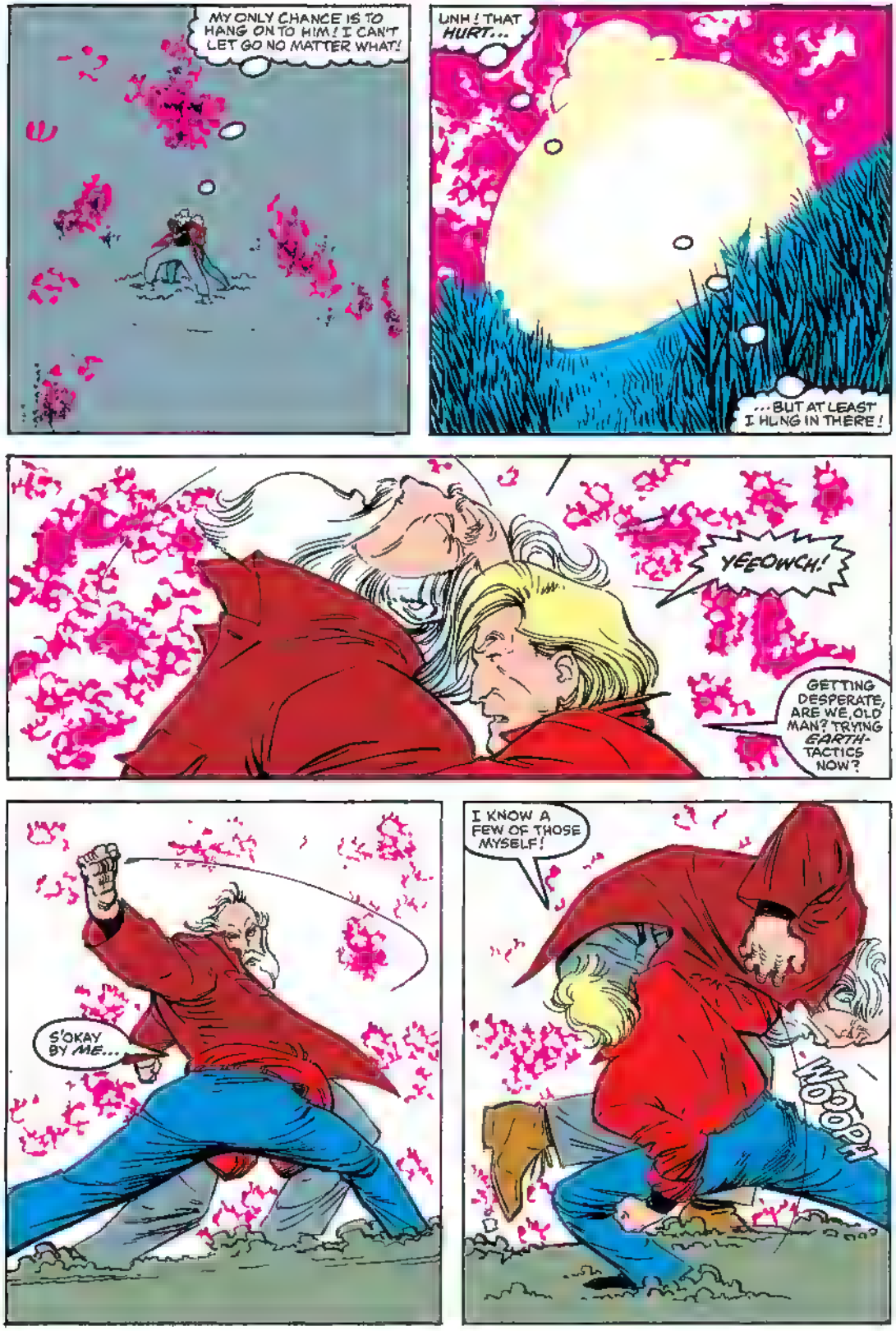
AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH PLAYING DEAD THIS TIME, EITHER.
'CAUSE THIS TIME I'M GONNA MAKE *SURE* YOU'RE--
AARRRGG!

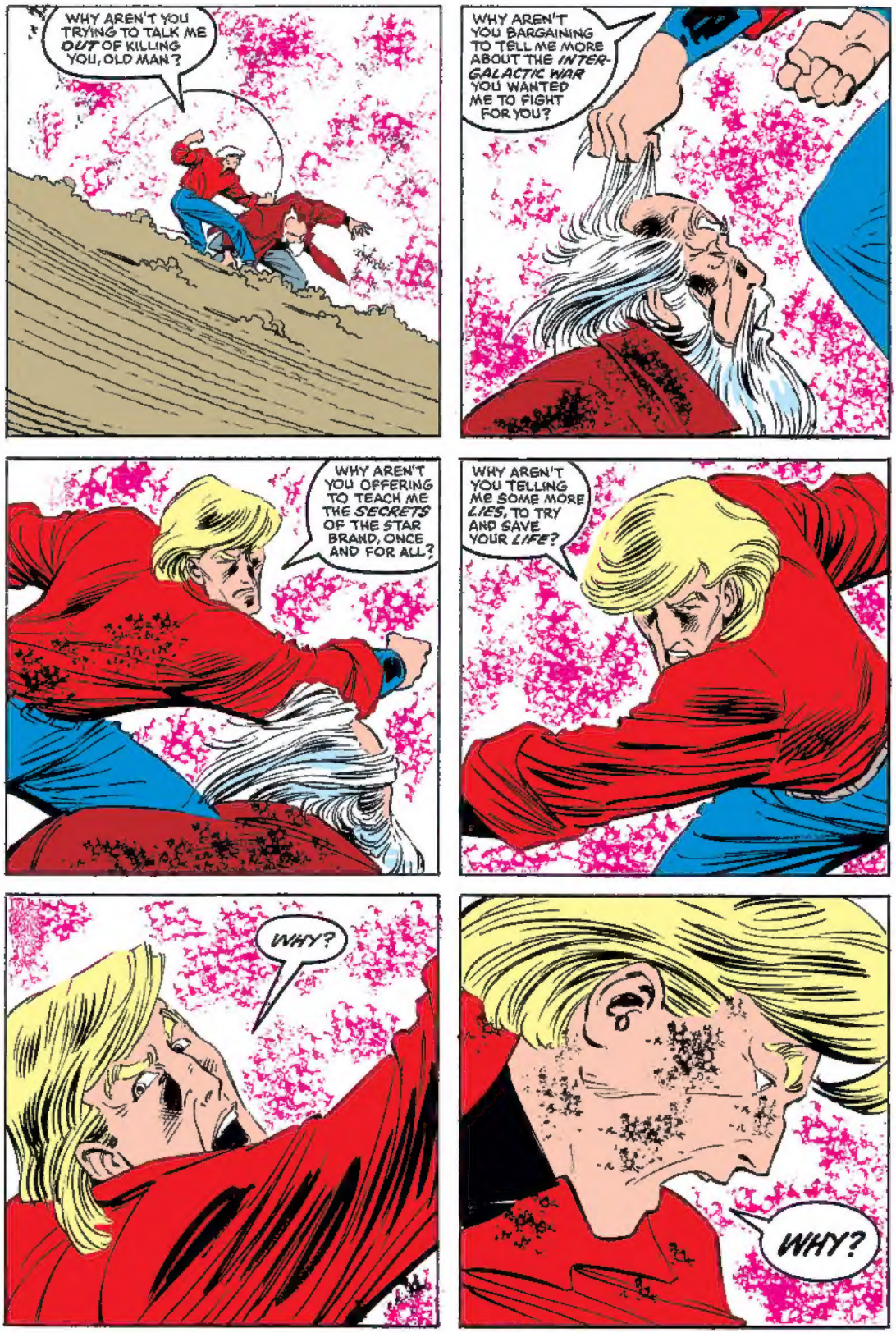


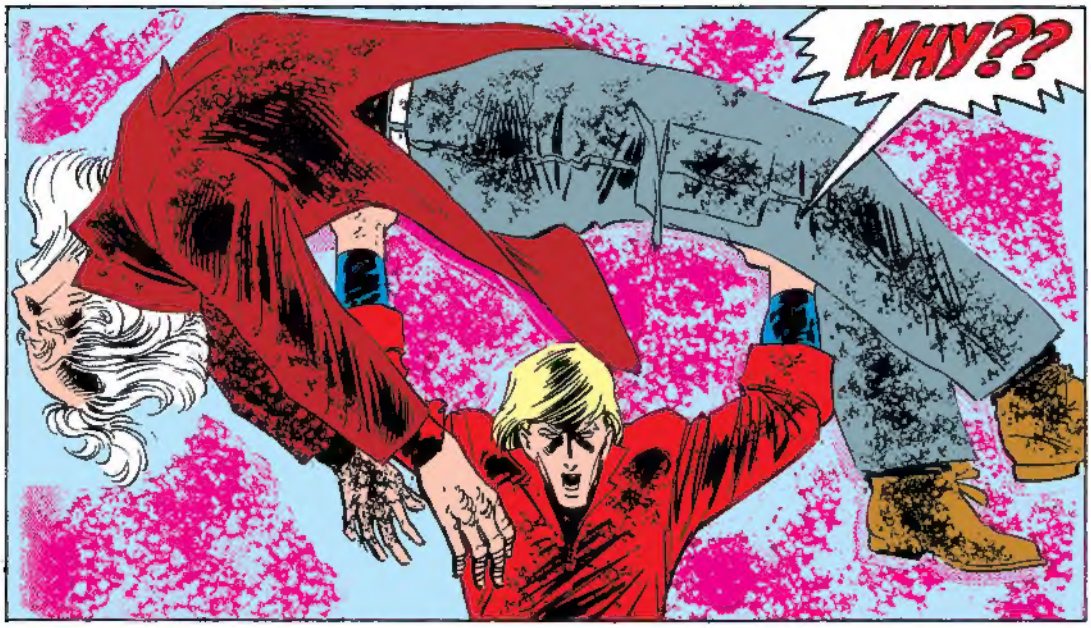

AH! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT FLUSH YOU OUT, IF I TURNED MY BACK.
I'M ALL THROUGH PLAYING BY THE RULES WITH YOU, OLD MAN.
THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE!

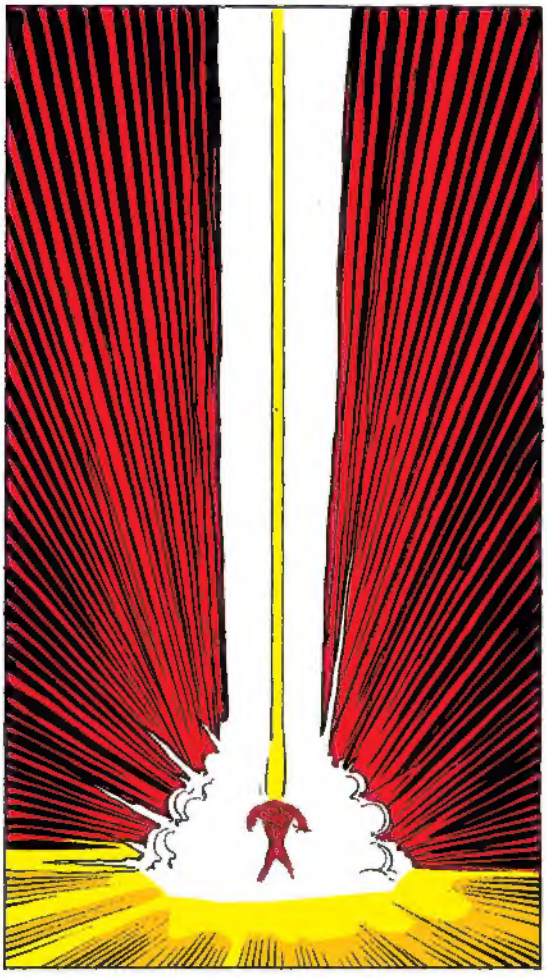

YOU HAVE-- UNNH!-- NO CONCEPTION OF THE STAKES-- FOR WHICH WE FIGHT, CONNELL. HOW MANY TIMES--MMMF!-- MUST I TELL YOU THAT?
ONE LESS-- THAN YOU JUST DID.
SO SPARE ME, ALL RIGHT?
HE'S NOT STRUGGLING ANY MORE. SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON... INSIDE HIM. BUT WHAT?
WHAT ELSE? HE'S BUILDING UP HIS POWER TO GO NOVA.

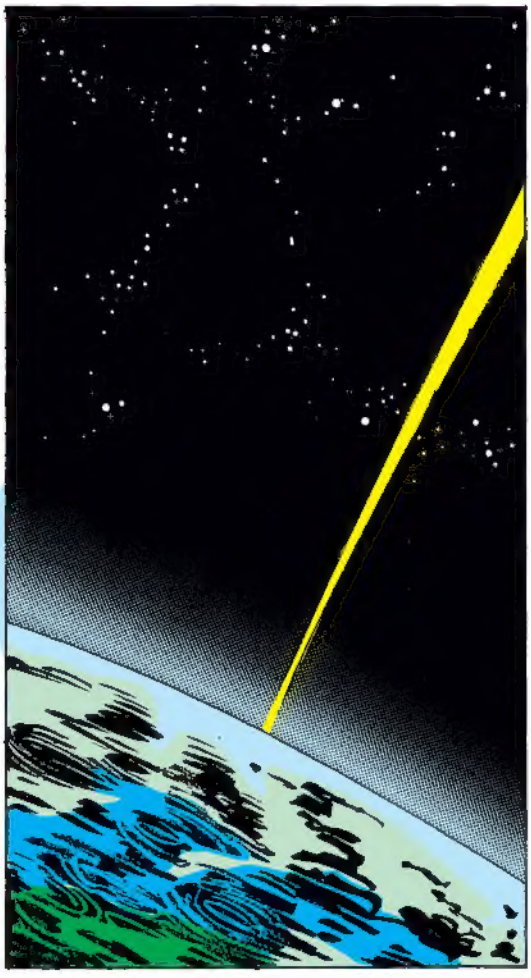

WHAT WAS IT HE SAID LAST TIME? HIS WEAPON'S A PALE SHADOW OF MINE... BUT HE CONTROLS HIS TOTALLY, WHILE I'M STILL A NOVICE.
HE ALSO SAID HE HAD NO COMPUNCTIONS ABOUT LEVELING THE WHOLE EARTH...WHICH GIVES HIM AN ADVANTAGE.

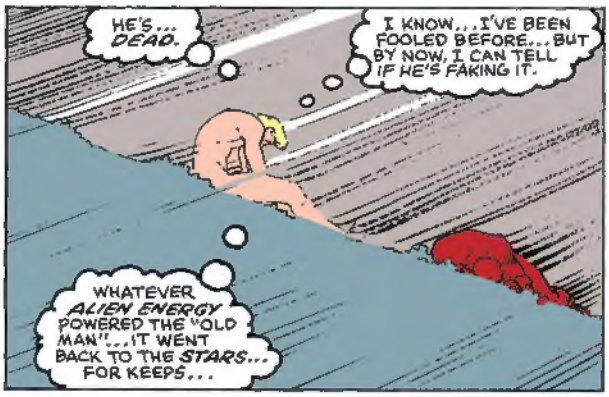

MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO HANG ON TO HIM! I CAN'T LET GO NO MATTER WHAT!
UNH! THAT HURT...
...BUT AT LEAST I HUNG IN THERE!
YEEOWCH!
GETTING DESPERATE, ARE WE, OLD MAN? TRYING EARTH-TACTICS NOW?
S'OKAY BY ME...
I KNOW A FEW OF THOSE MYSELF!
WOOOF!

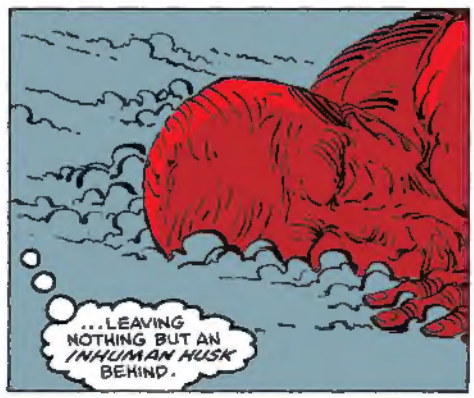

WHY AREN'T YOU TRYING TO TALK ME *OUT* OF KILLING YOU, OLD MAN?
WHY AREN'T YOU BARGAINING TO TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE *INTER-GALACTIC WAR* YOU WANTED ME TO FIGHT FOR YOU?
WHY AREN'T YOU OFFERING TO TEACH ME THE *SECRETS* OF THE STAR BRAND, ONCE AND FOR ALL?
WHY AREN'T YOU TELLING ME SOME MORE *LIES*, TO TRY AND SAVE YOUR *LIFE*?
WHY?
WHY?

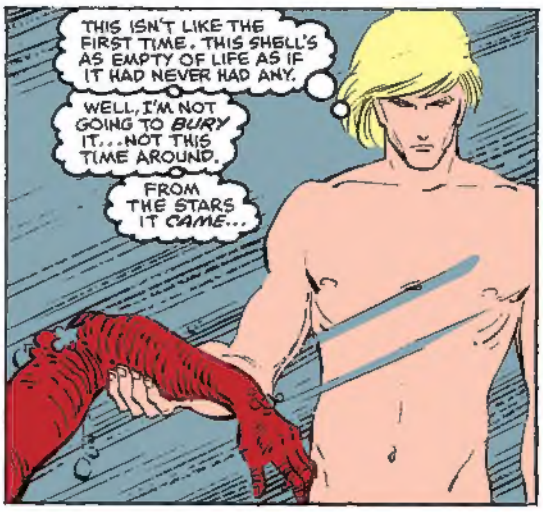

WHY??

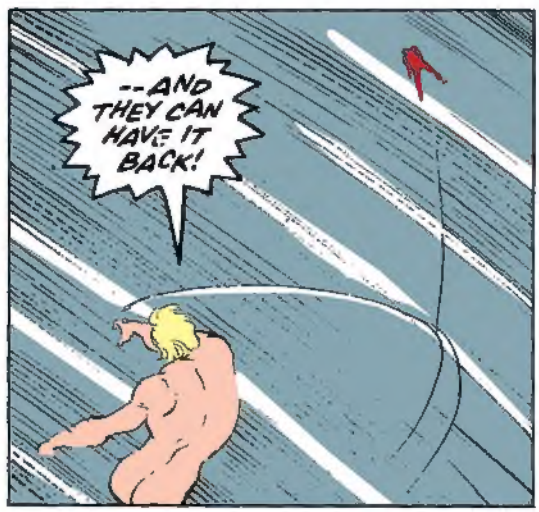


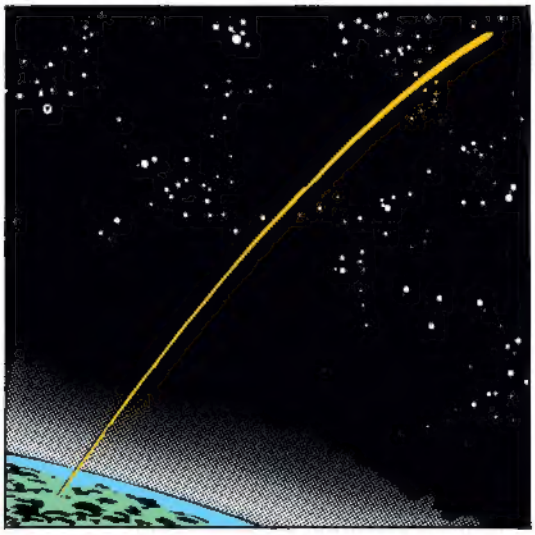


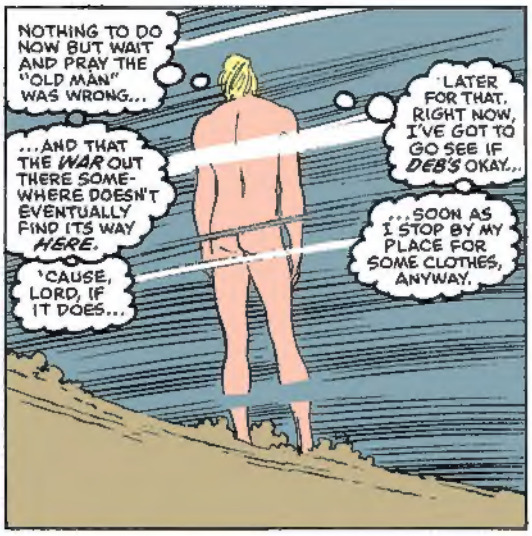

HE'S... DEAD.
I KNOW... I'VE BEEN FOOLED BEFORE... BUT BY NOW, I CAN TELL IF HE'S FAKING IT.
WHATEVER ALIEN ENERGY POWERED THE "OLD MAN"... IT WENT BACK TO THE STARS... FOR KEEPS...

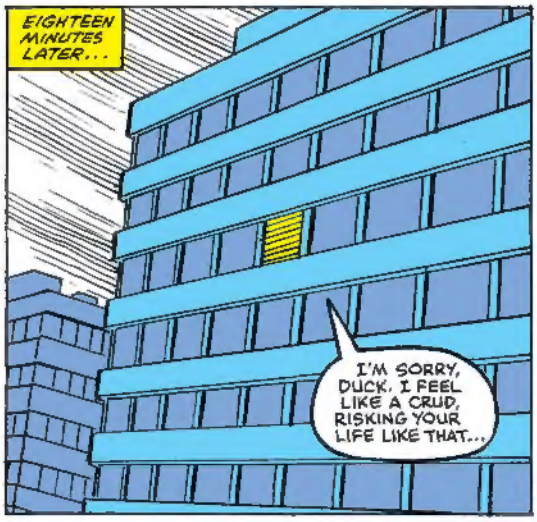

...LEAVING NOTHING BUT AN INHUMAN HUSK BEHIND.

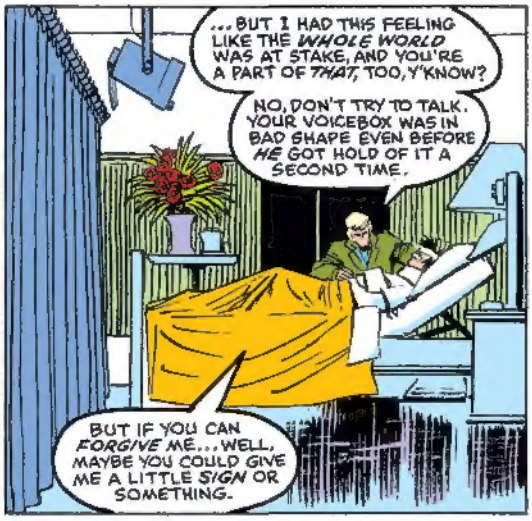

THIS ISN'T LIKE THE FIRST TIME. THIS SHELL'S AS EMPTY OF LIFE AS IF IT HAD NEVER HAD ANY.
WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO BURY IT... NOT THIS TIME AROUND.
FROM THE STARS IT CAME...

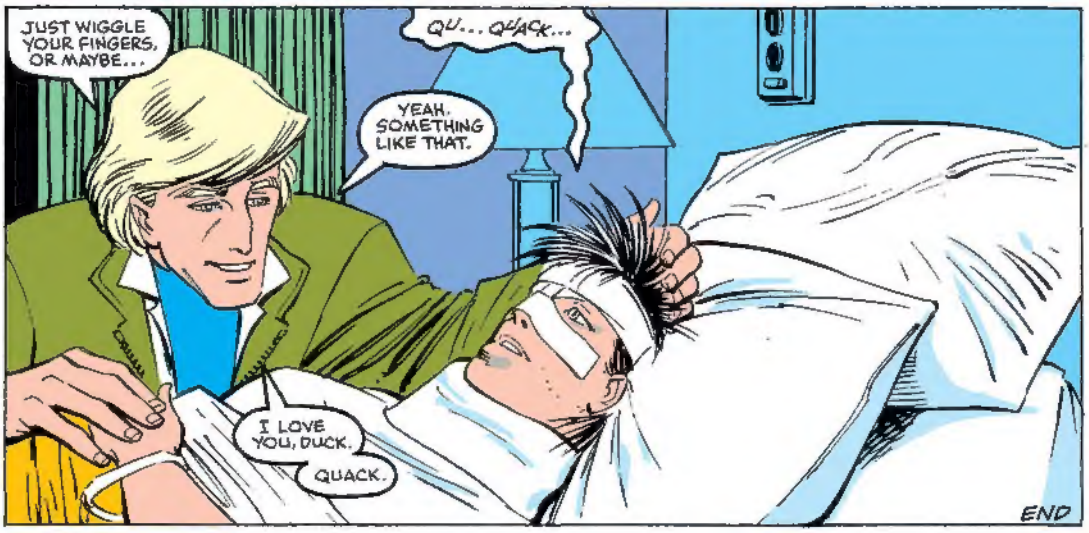

--AND THEY CAN HAVE IT BACK!




NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT AND PRAY THE "OLD MAN" WAS WRONG...
...AND THAT THE WAR OUT THERE SOMEWHERE DOESN'T EVENTUALLY FIND ITS WAY HERE.
'CAUSE, LORD, IF IT DOES...
LATER FOR THAT. RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT TO GO SEE IF DEB'S OKAY...
...SOON AS I STOP BY MY PLACE FOR SOME CLOTHES, ANYWAY.


EIGHTEEN MINUTES LATER...
I'M SORRY, DUCK. I FEEL LIKE A CRUD, RISKING YOUR LIFE LIKE THAT...


...BUT I HAD THIS FEELING LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD WAS AT STAKE, AND YOU'RE A PART OF THAT, TOO, Y'KNOW?
NO, DON'T TRY TO TALK. YOUR VOICEBOX WAS IN BAD SHAPE EVEN BEFORE HE GOT HOLD OF IT A SECOND TIME.
BUT IF YOU CAN FORGIVE ME... WELL, MAYBE YOU COULD GIVE ME A LITTLE SIGN OR SOMETHING.


JUST WIGGLE YOUR FINGERS, OR MAYBE...
QU... QUACK...
YEAH. SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
I LOVE YOU, DUCK.
QUACK.
END